

### Needle and Measure.

WHILE knitting, you have often had to hunt for a ruler or tape measure for that "knit and purl four inches," "eight inches," "thumb-hole two inches," and so forth. With floor paint try marking off eight inches on one of your needles, and use that for a measure.

## The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY  
Von Geldenstein Frankly Tells Lilian  
That He Is By Nature a Murderer  
and a Thief

### Part One—(Continued)

"I am neither one nor the other. I am a mixture of both." He spoke with bitter emphasis. "Naturally I must be a mixture of both now that I know. I believe that the man of Park Lane was a forced unnatural character; I designed him, trained him, made him—till at last he lived separately from myself. It might have come about at last that I should have merged my real self completely in the artificial creation. I don't know, but at any rate that will never be the case now. I am by nature the murderer and the thief. It is from soil that I sprung. It is to such soil that I must drift back. I know it—I feel it. My money matters nothing. It is in the blood. Look at Rachel, my sister. Is she happy here? Is she content? No; she would willingly return to the old home tomorrow. It is so with me—and perhaps that is why the artificial man was created."

"If you had never known—if I had not watched you," faltered Lilian.

"I had to know as soon as it was evident that the real man was a thief and a murderer. You are not to blame, Mrs. Willoughby; you have done your duty by me nobly and devotedly. I am not going to make apologies to you for what happened last night; you know very well that such words would be futile and absurd."

"Then you know everything now—you associate the two lives together?"

All Part of Scheme.

"Absolutely, as clear as I had designed it and carried it out as a scheme. And that is how I know that the true man is not the owner of this house, not the millionaire merchant, but the degraded creature in whose company you have spent the last week. I kept the shop when I started in partnership with a friend in the city. When I got on, and began to make money, I remember quite well telling myself that the new Von Geldenstein must be put apart from the old, that the old must die. But the old would not die."

"Instinct, habit—I don't know what—attracted me, and I went back, and still again—back. I struggled against it, but always I knew that the old life was too strong to be resisted. In my city life I had designed absolute honesty, and I kept to my purpose; the other self, a thief, a son of a thief and the grandson of a thief. So, by degrees, the two lives drifted apart. Do you see how it was? Can you understand it? I would not allow the one to think of the other, and my degree—I forgot. In the city I was wholly Von Geldenstein, honest and respected; in the slums I was Israel Meyer, the thief, the scoundrel and peddler. As the two characters drifted further apart, so the more completely I forgot. It must be many years since I knew anything of the other. But last night you, whom I know, appeared to me in the other. You spoke of the millions of the millionaire to the beggarly thief who had sought to rob you; you aroused me to memories which had long been buried—the son of a thief—and this is the end of it."

"Is it not rather the beginning, Mr. Von Geldenstein?" said Lilian, gently. "Can you not let Meyer be merged into Von Geldenstein? This is the true life, whatever you say. Shut up that wretched little shop. There will not then be the temptation to go back to it. Let your wife come here, your wife and your children. Think of them; for their sake you must struggle to adjust matters."

"Ach," interrupted Israel, for their sake, mein Gott, I will do much. Ach, yes, it shall be much. "Give up your life of society," pursued Lilian, "then one will wonder at your wife or your children. Make a fresh start somewhere."

Better Instincts Disappear.

He shook his head. "I should drift back," he said wearily. "I cannot be wholly Von Geldenstein, the man of honor. I have the other instincts in me, the instincts to cheat and steal. They would come out in spite of myself."

"You think so now?" cried Lilian.

"I know it," he replied. "It is no fancy. And if I could not go away to cheat and steal how much worse it would be in the end. I should bring disgrace upon my wife and the children. It is of the children I think; there is nothing now in the world for me but them. A faint smile crossed his face. "To think how I longed for a son," he went on, "how I was about to marry Angela because I wanted a wife and hearth—how lucky that she escaped me!—and all the while I had both! Ah, my kinder," he sighed as he spoke, "I must go back to you soon."

"You cannot go back," said Lilian. "You must stay. They must come to you, here."

"But why?" The man sat up in his chair, clutching the wooden supports with nervous fingers. "I have thought of many things I must do—I have arranged for everything—but first I wanted to see my children. Ah, if you knew how the thought of them came to me as I ran wildly through the night. It was that thought which supported me, otherwise I believe I should have made for the river. But I said to myself: 'No, you must wait; there is much to be done here. And so I ran on. I was soaked by the rain, cold, and half-maddened by my thoughts. I remembered everything. Once started, it was astonishing how memory came back to me. I ran through the streets all night, I

don't know in what direction. I kept thinking of the way in which I had tried to burglarize my own safe; it was all because the window had been left accidentally a little open, and I recognized this from the road. I had no idea it was my own house till they objects in the room began to seem queer and familiar. It is a wonder that I did not realize the truth then, but I slipped from one existence to the other as one wakes from sleep absolutely forgetful of what one had dreamed. I kept thinking of this as I wandered through the streets, but I knew I was saying to myself: 'But you know now which was the dream. It was this life, this life of luxury, that seemed to me then to be the dream.'

Nowhere Else to Go.

"I was impelled to return here. I knew that I could not explain to my wife, that she would not understand. Here I should have time for thought. I found a small shop where they sold unpretentious clothing and where they were not likely to ask questions. I bought the most respectable suit I could find and had my own rags done up in a parcel—I was afraid to leave them there. It was lucky that I had some money in my pocket. Then I took a cab and drove home. Nobody was surprised to see me; I was received just as if nothing had happened. My sister offered me breakfast. My God! As if I could think of breakfast!"

He paused, and his eyes wandered to the desk upon which he had been writing. "I have been thinking everything out," he said huskily. "I have made all my plans for the future. I felt certain that you would come on here, and I have been expecting you. I am glad you have come, because there is not much time to be lost. I am glad, too, that I came here instead of returning to the other home."

"And so am I," said Lilian, who had been listening to him breathlessly. In a few hurried words she told him all that had happened that morning.

"Ah," he said quietly, "so it has come. I knew the police were on my track, but naturally Meyer had no wish to be caught. This is why I did not venture out of the house those days. Well," he rose from his chair and moved to his desk—"that only confirms me in my determination."

"What are you going to do?" asked Lilian anxiously. She was afraid of something else read in the man's face.

"Meyer's children," he said softly, "must not know that their father was a murderer. Von Geldenstein has no children, no ties in the world. It is Von Geldenstein who must confess to the murder."

Lilian looked at the speaker aghast, hardly understanding.

CHAPTER VIII  
Facing the Deluge.

"I don't understand you," faltered Lilian.

He calmly added a few words to the writing on a paper which lay before him.

"It is very simple," he said. "Follow my reasoning and you will see that there is no other course. This," he touched the paper—"is a letter which I have just written to the police at Mulberry street, and which I propose to send off at once. In it, as you see, I state that I, and I alone, I, Von Geldenstein, am the murderer of Conway Franks, and that I propose to give myself up to justice, together with the proof of my crime. There is abundant proof on that chair." He nodded his head toward the grim objects which he had removed from the safe.

"Do you not think," said Lilian, "that your confession would precipitate the very revelation you wish to avoid? If the police can trace the evidence to a chair—can, and will, trace those of Von Geldenstein."

"I have considered that," said the man in the same slow, monotonous voice. "I do not think they will do so. I have worded my confession—you shall see it—in such a manner as to make everything appear very straightforward. Geldenstein is my true name; the police will have no reason to think that I ever had an alias. In any case it is the only chance of avoiding the discovery I dread, and I mean to take it. If in spite of me, the truth comes out, it cannot me helped. I shall still not regret what I have done."

Conscience Troubles Him.

His face assumed a sad and worn expression. "I cannot live in peace with the knowledge of my crime upon me. To me in this existence it was a constant torturing nightmare, and, as there is but one existence for me in the future, I see no awakening from this nightmare."

"Resides," he raised his voice and the words rang out bitterly—"do you think that this murder is the only crime I have upon my conscience? I am bearing the weight of many sins—sins, too, which I fear may be repeated, for I do not think I can and cannot be eradicated. Dishonor must fall upon me eventually, if not now. Better that it should be now, before I have been successful in dealing out ruin and death to others. What I do for the good of my own children I do for the sake of mankind as well—I owe a heavy debt to society, and I pay it thus. Do not try to dissuade me from my purpose. Mrs. Willoughby, for my mind is made up—absolutely and irrevocably."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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Are You Reading "The Wolves of New York?" a Thrilling Story of Love

# Magazine Page

Making War Ends Meet  
Republished by Special Arrangement with  
Good Housekeeping, the Nation's  
Greatest Home Magazine.

From the July  
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In the evening you wear the soft silk frock at the left; in the afternoon you snap in the long sleeves, change the sash, and add a chemisette with a big or-gandy collar as shown at the right.

## ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

Sir Bryan Mahon's successor as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, Major-General Sir Frederick Charles Shaw, is one of the "Old Contemplatives." For his distinctive services in the early days of the war, when he commanded the Ninth Infantry Brigade at Mons and onwards, he was mentioned in despatches no fewer than five times between 1914 and 1916, promoted Major-General and created K. C. B. After his return from France he became Director of Home Defence at the War Office.

Sir Frederick repeats an incident which occurred at the Front illustrative of Scottish cannyness and thrift.

Sandy had been out on a foraging expedition, and had returned with a good fat hen under his arm. The war was about to degenerate it for roasting, when another Scotsman intervened.

"Will ye no bide a wee, Sandy?" he suggested, cautiously. "Leave that bird till the morning. She might lay an egg."

Miss Mary Macarthur, secretary of the Light Women's Trade Union League, is anxious to become an M. P.

Miss Macarthur, who is the wife of W. C. Anderson, Labor M. P. for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield, was about to be elected to the House of Commons with flaxen hair and expressive violet eyes. If she is elected Labor M. P. for Stourbridge it will be the beginning of the era of husband-and-wife M. P's.

Her powers of organization are wonderful. In eight years she raised the membership of the W. T. U. L. from 46,000 to 200,000. But when she is at home Miss Macarthur becomes Mrs. Anderson and forgets the working girl makes the best wife.

Sir Abe laid the foundation of his fortune when he became prominent as one of "Rhodes's young men." He figured in the Jameson Raid, and when Lord Hawke and his English cricket team arrived in Gold Reef City they found Sir Abe, who was to have been their host, in prison.

(From Good Housekeeping for July.)

EVERYBODY wants to save to make war ends meet, and to a woman the thought of saving clothes comes second only to the thought of saving food. There is many a way to spend a little time and thought and achieve just as much as by spending a great deal of money, and several clever ways of doing this are suggested here on these pages.

First, there is the idea of one war-time costume that acts as a suit, a tailored dress, and a softer dress. Besides being the epitome of service after it is made, this costume has the advantage of having a coat which is easily made of the average dressmaker, instead of having to be expensively tailored at a regular shop.

To begin with, the costume can be made of black satin, silk jersey, or some cotton fabric, to save wool. Or if a wool suit of this type is already on hand, it may be altered to do duty for dress or suit.

One good turn the war has done us is to recall the simple cotton frocks such as our ancestors wore in '76. There are cotton prints innumerable, gingham, percales, calicoes, each one more fascinating—and more inexpensive—than the next.

And in its train the frock of cotton print has brought back the braid trimming dear to our grandmothers. Who hasn't stored away old phrases about rickrack braid!

But you have really forgotten what fresh, pretty colorings these

cotton braids can do in and what infinite variety and quaintness of pattern they have inherited from generations back.

There is the narrow white braid your grandmother edged your mother's chambray dresses with, pink scallops on the edge and two pink dots over every scallop.

There is the braid insertion your great aunt used to join your aunt's "bertha collar" to the slippery round neck of her dress—white braid with light blue polka dots down the middle.

Then, to be more sedate, your grandmother herself chose for her blue, figured calico frock a braid edging all plain white except for decorative navy blue scallops on the edge. To be daring, at some other time, she may have affected a straight-edged braid finished with bright red dots, a whiplash red edge, and those tantalizing red picot loops.

Then there are the black and white braid insertions, all-white straight and scalloped edgings, designs and scrolls and wiggles of pale lavender, jade blue—and yet the story of their adaptability and variety is not all told.

In addition to their novelty and quaintness, these braid trimmings wear like iron. You can wash them and rub them, and boil them and scrub them, and there they are still, as briskly colored as ever.

In addition to trimming little girls' dresses and grown-up dresses, the white braid edging and insertions are excellent for finishing the edges of sturdy, every day underwear for children,

## HOW TO SAVE ON GAS

You may be wasting gas in your home when you fatter yourself you are economizing up to the hilt.

Never light up your burners before putting on pots and pans; also turn them out several minutes before removing them. Red-hot bars keep things boiling for a long while.

Foods cooked in the casserole, and gently simmered at boiling point, will heat hot for at least three-quarters of an hour after the gas is turned off. Stoneware retains heat longer than iron.

Milk puddings can be left in the oven, minus a jet, for the slower they finish off, the better the pudding.

Invest in a double steamer, and use one ring, or a single gassing, to cook three or four kinds of foods. You will pay for your steamer out of the gas bill in no time.

In the country housewives often cook two, or even three, kinds of vegetables in string bags in the same pot—a cauliflower, potatoes and carrots. A great gas saver, this.

Small saucepans containing sauces, potatoes, etc., can be left inside the oven while other things are cooking. Remember to wrap up the handle, though; otherwise they become too hot.

A large sheet of tin placed over a big burner will cook an entire dinner for you.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Canned fruits must never be eaten if there is the least sign of fermentation, or if the tin bulges, or there is a rush of air when the tin is pierced.

Powdered magnesia is excellent for cleaning tarnished silver. If very bad, use the magnesia first wet with water and lastly as a dry powder.

This Day in History.  
THIS is the anniversary of the capture of Acre in 1191 by the Crusaders. It was the Christian stronghold in Syria until 1291, when it was surrendered to the Saracens. It was besieged by Napoleon for sixty-one days in 1799, but resisted all his efforts to take it.

## The Child's Vitality

SOMETHING PARENTS SHOULD GUARD.  
Intelligent Conservation of the  
Little One's Strength May  
Mean Much in Later Life.

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

THE hot weather not only exacts a heavy toll among infants but it also puts many larger children to bed with various types of disease more or less severe. Intermittent fevers and malarial conditions are especially prevalent among the young during the heated season. High, humid temperature has a peculiar effect upon the nerves, bringing on what is called "sunstroke." Lack of proper evaporation of the moisture from the skin, consequent impaired circulation and auto-intoxication (poisoning) is the probable order of events in this trouble. Heat stroke is rare on a windy day, no matter how high the temperature.

Although it is not usually fatal with them, children, as well as adults, suffer from heat stroke, and the evidence is usually in form of a part suffocation.

Parents should give sharp attention to the health of their children during hot weather and aim to keep the life line running high. The careful application of a few simple rules of juvenile health will

prevent the milder summer ailments and not infrequently fatal forms of disease.

When the weather is hot try to have the child play in the shade and only the milder forms of games. Running in the hot sun overtaxes the vital organs, especially the heart, and may cause a sudden collapse. A period of low vitality and weak resistance to disease must follow.

Subject the child freely to the cold bath during hot weather, for such is nature's best tonic. If the boy has been overtaxed from excessive play, first allow the body to cool thoroughly and then apply the cold water quickly with shower or sponge. Rub the skin vigorously till it is pink and there is a reaction. A quick return of the vitality is the result especially to be sought.

Much as they like them, we are forced to the conclusion that ice water and iced dainties should be given sparingly to children during hot weather. The burning thirst which these things so often induce in case of a person of any age is a sure indication of disturbed vital poise if not a sign of impaired health. Cool water to drink is always far better than ice water. Iced refreshments should be given in moderate amounts and as a rule only after the regular meal.

Meat-and-egg diet for children should be reduced, almost to the zero point during the summer. These articles are too heating. Vegetables, coarse bread stuffs and other laxative foods are to be the rule here.

The further means of health and conservation of child vitality I have given previously when urging regular habits of sleep, rest, exercise and deep respiration.

Finally it may be said that the summer fevers and other hot-weather ailments of the children are all a form of reflection upon the integrity and intelligence of the parents in charge. Keep up the life line—vigorous heart, open porous system, full bowel movement, a low-heat-unit diet and a strict regimen of normal health exercises and your child will probably come out of the hot season with the strength and buoyancy characteristic of this happy age.

## Palaces as Hospitals.

THE necessities of war have transformed the royal palaces of Europe. They are nearly all turned into hospitals. Such are the Winter Palace on the Neva, the Kremlin at Moscow, Tsarskoe Selo and Livadia. In Italy, besides the Quirinal and Queen Margherita's palace in the Via Veneto, the Queen is directing a military hospital in a wing of the Vatican, and not only have the royal villas of Mantua, Verona and Monza been put at the disposal of the War Office, but the Pope has done the same with the Vatican Museums.

The Elysee Palace is given over to war work and Buckingham Palace is not a hospital, simply because there is no need for it, so the King and Queen use it largely to receive soldiers and to entertain the wounded.

The palaces at Berlin and elsewhere in Germany are all turned into military hospitals, and the Huns have devoted King Albert's palace at Brussels to the same use, although the Kaiser was highly indignant that the English turned his stately pleasure palace at Achilleion on the island of Corfu into the headquarters of the Serbian army.

The wife of the unscrupulous Ferdinand has made part of his palace at Sarajevo into a military hospital, but the Austrian invaders of Montenegro used the palace at Cetina as barracks.

Finally, King Alfonso has turned his palace at Madrid into an International War Office, where this noble neutral holds a court of appeal for condemned or military prisoners. Telegrams arrive daily, as well as letters, pleading for his intervention with the ruthless Prussian machine. Where stamps are enclosed there are returned; for the King of Spain defrays all costs and delights in his task of mercy.

## Cheery Golf Course.

In the naming of greens and bushes at the golf links of these islands little originality is displayed. Even the "Hill" of St. Andrews, as often visited by golfing divines, fails to excite our awe. But the golfer's military hospital, the old Seely Lines Club at Singapore, could not complain that there was lack of material to arouse his imagination.

The headquarters of the secretary, who was a doctor, were at the Singapore Lunatic Asylum. The first green was called the Cholera green, because the cholera, once there, was adjacent. The second was the Mortuary green. The third was in the grounds of the lunatic asylum, and the fourth was in a Chinese burial ground.

There was a smallpox green, a jail green and a gallows green. On the gallows green one might see a while and watch an executioner thereafter playing on the mortuary. A river had to be crossed and the river was known as the Styx, while the boatman was Charon.

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To Be Continued.